



HEY
NOW



SEYMOUR SUNSHINE Co

OINK
OINK



UNSHOOTABLE the MONKEY-BUY

ACHTUNG!

Mr. Crowley of number 47 Night Lane
hereby offers a

REWARD

In excess of

\$1,000,000,000

GUARANTEED to the first person who can successfully
acquire one of the fabled hummingbird pies made
by the sinister and reclusive White Cinnamon Twins.
Or, more accurately, it should be made plain that of
these legendary siblings, one is now dead...battered
in a sound sleep by his own likeness. The twins
were rumored to have grown increasingly suspicious
of one another, often quarreling over each other's favor
or bonemeal; each confrontation worse than the last.

After murdering his brother Max, Cinnamon Jack
confined himself to the house they had both shared
all their lives. There, he began formulating curious
confections with queer properties.

BONEMEAL?

WHAT TH'
FUCK IS BONE-
MEAL?

I don't know, really...it just
sounded cool. Anyway...
the years have taken old
Jack's vision and he's gone
blind as bat. Fortunately,
his twin's stopped his crazed
baking, so I had feared.
So friend, will you do my
baking?

HAW! AN'LL SAY!
DAMN... AN'D CUT
OFF MAN OWN BALLS
FOR THAT KINDA
DOUGH!

MMM BUT AN
OINK... THIS LOOKS
TOO GOOD T'BE TRUE.

\$?

WHINE?

SLAP

SLAP

SLAP

GNANNA

\$!

HAR!

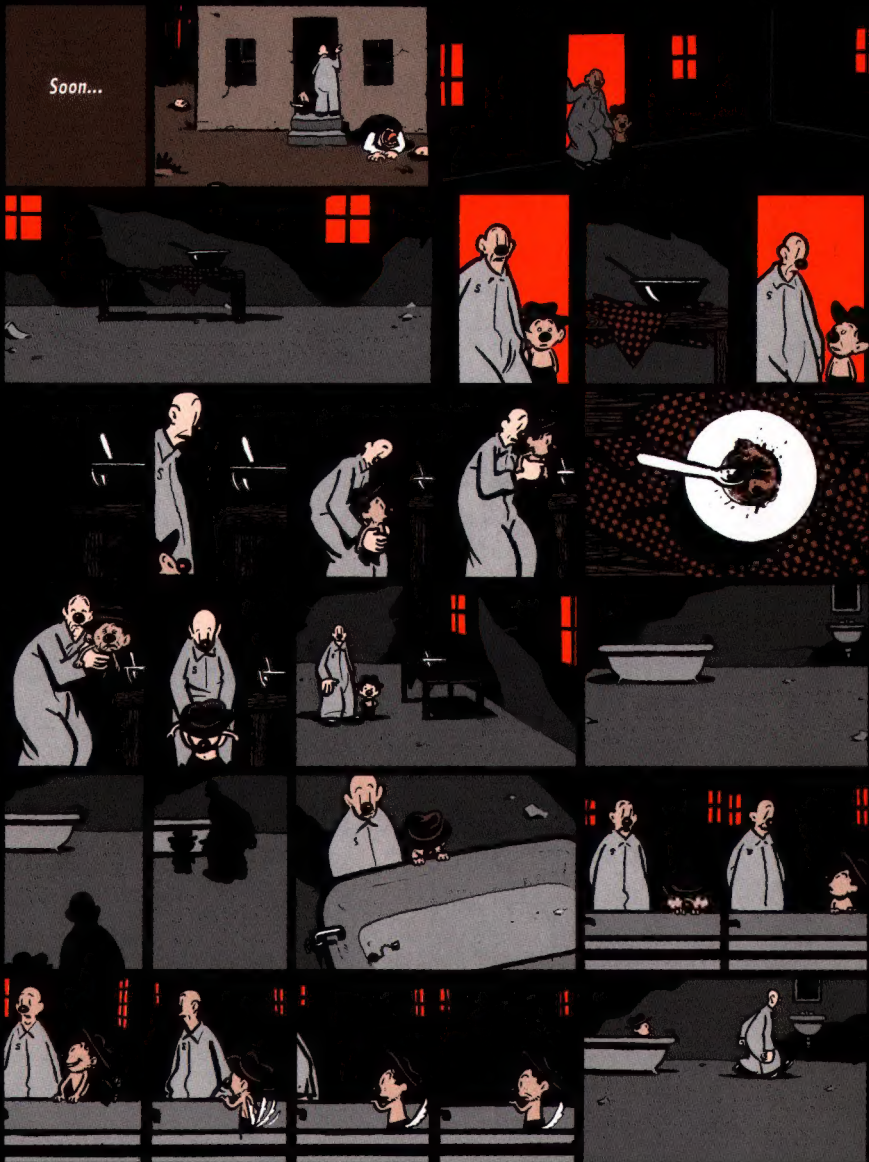
And so the pilgrims raised their sails
and cast their hearts to the west.
With nary a bee nor bird to guide them—
save for the shivery anticipation of idle fortune
and cheap women...

HAR!

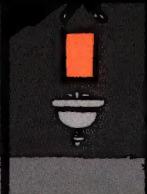
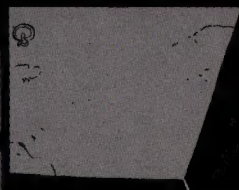
SOON...













PLEASE TO
MAKE YOUR
ACQUAINTANCE.

OH, LIKEWISE
I'M SURE.

S E Y M O U R

I WORSHIP THE DEVIL BUT HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I EXIST !

S U N S H I N E

★ **HEY KIDS !** always remember to get along with the cinnamon boy



My sincerest apologies to Max and Dave Fleischer

Thanks to Kim Thompson